

## The High Mettled R A C E R,

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St  
Andrew Street, Seven Dials,

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are  
are begun,  
What confusion—but hear—I'll bet you, fir,—done,  
done!

A thousand strange humours rebound far and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear,  
With his neck like a rainbow erecting his chest,  
Pamper'd, prancing, his head almost touching his  
breast,  
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
The high mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turned out, and o'er hedge and ditches  
rush,  
Men, horses and dogs, who are hard at his brush,  
O'er heath, hill, and moorland, led by the fly prey,  
By scent and by view create a long tedious way.  
When alike born for joys of the field and the course,  
Always sure to come thro' a staunch & fleet horse,  
And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his  
breath,  
The high mettled Racer is in at his death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spav'd, and wind gall'd, but yet with some  
blood,  
Whilst knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
Till his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gain'd  
that race.

And what money he made to the owners count o'er,  
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door  
While the harness sore gall'd, and the spurs his side  
goad,  
The high mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

At length old and feeble, drudging early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate,  
From morning till evening he tugs in a mill,  
Or draw sands, till the sand of his hour glass stands  
still,  
And when lifeless and cold, he's expos'd to the view,  
In the very same cart, which he yesterday drew,  
Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
The high mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

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What confusion—but hear—I'll bet you, fir,—done!  
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Pamper'd, prancing, his head almost touching his  
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Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
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Men, horses, and dogs, who are hard at his brush,  
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By scent and by view create a long tedious way;  
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Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet  
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And when fairly run down the fox yields up his  
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